

## A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

PHOEBE CAREY.  
I said, if I might look back again  
To the very hour and place of my birth,  
Might have seen my mother I chose  
And live it in the part of the earth.

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,  
Bunch the shadow of sorrow and doubt;  
Have all my longings fulfilled  
And all suffering stricken out!

If I could have known in the years now gone  
The best that a woman could be;  
Could have had whatever will make her blest  
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and truest bliss  
That the world's wealth or ring can give;  
And gained the amount of all the world,  
That my heart as well as my reason chose.

And if this had been, and I stood tonight  
By my children lying asleep in their beds,  
And could count in my prayers for a reward,  
The shining row of their golden heads.

Yes! I said it a miracle such as this  
Could be wrought for me at my bidding, still  
I would choose to have my past as it is,  
And let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod  
More pleasant or even more straight or wide,  
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,  
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all—  
Its weakness, its folly, its joy, its pain;  
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,  
May have been my help, not hindrance.

If I loved my body from the flames  
Because that once I turned my hand;  
Or kept myself from a greater sin  
By doing less—yes, you will understand.

It was better I suffered a little pain,  
Better I sinned for a little time,  
If the suffering earned me back from death  
And the sting of death withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial will know  
What strength would not let against sin,  
And how temptation is overcome  
He has learned who has felt his power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show  
Why look at the moon from where we stand;  
Ope, heaven you say, yet it shines  
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands,  
And let me now, as I may, grow old;  
I am what I am, and my life for me  
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

No Romantic.  
One day last week a man at Fort  
Wayne, Indiana, employed a young  
man to lay some carpets. He was a  
handsome young man, with a roman-  
tic cast of mind not at all in harmony  
with carpet-laying. He met the  
daughter of the house, who also had a  
romantic streak and an admiration for  
handsome young men, which, it seem-  
ed, was as likely to absorb a carpet-  
layer as anyone else. She fell awfully  
in love with the carpet-layer we are  
speaking of—or rather, she believed  
she had done so. He fell just as aw-  
fully in love with her, and being very  
romantic, she didn't take the trouble  
to inquire anything about the carpet-  
layer. He was just too beautiful for  
anything, and so romantic, and that  
was all that was wanted to make a  
good husband. The young woman  
agreed to marry him almost on sight.  
She did not even say anything to her  
father about it, fearing that he might  
be willing, and thus frustrate her ro-  
mantic little schemes for an elopement.  
She had her tender young heart so set  
upon sliding down a rope from a back  
window that she couldn't bear to  
think of being disappointed. Well,  
of course, she had her own romantic  
way about it; the programme was car-  
ried out in a charmingly romantic  
fashion and the carpet layer and the  
young woman got away to Indianapolis  
and were married before the situa-  
tion of affairs was suspected. The  
young woman concluded it was just  
lovely. Three days after that there  
was another elopement to which the  
romantic young woman was not a party.  
Her husband gathered up all her  
jewelry and what little money she  
had and went away to find another  
romantic girl to elope with. The  
young wife has gone back to her papa  
and very likely in a week will be  
making arrangements to fall into the  
clutches of another good-looking car-  
pet layer. Ever so many girls grow  
up that way.

Then quit Winking.  
Among the passengers who boarded  
the east bound train the other day,  
were a bride and groom of the regu-  
lar hollyhock order. Although the  
car was full of passengers, the pair  
began to squeeze hands and hug as  
soon as they were seated. This, of  
course, attracted attention, and pretty  
soon everybody was nodding and wink-  
ing, and several persons so far forgot  
themselves as to laugh outright. By-  
and-by the broad shouldered and red-  
headed groom became aware of the  
fact that he was being ridiculed, and  
he unknocked himself to the height of  
six feet, looked up and down the aisle  
and said: "There seems to be con-  
siderable nodding and winking around  
here because I'm hugging the girl  
who was married to me at 7 o'clock  
this morning. If the rules of this  
railroad forbid a man from hugging  
his wife after he's paid full fare then  
I'm going to quit, but if the rules  
don't, this winking and nodding  
isn't bitten short off when we pass  
the next mile post. I'm going to begin  
on the front seats and create a rising  
market for false teeth and crutches!"  
If there were any more winks and  
blinks in that car the groom didn't  
catch 'em at it.

"Talk is cheap." It is? Just hire  
a lawyer once.—Syracuse Herald.

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Year	Month	Day	Rate
One	1	1	1.00
Two	2	2	2.00
Three	3	3	3.00
Four	4	4	4.00
Five	5	5	5.00
Six	6	6	6.00
Seven	7	7	7.00
Eight	8	8	8.00
Nine	9	9	9.00
Ten	10	10	10.00
Eleven	11	11	11.00
Twelve	12	12	12.00

## About Advertising.

If you have goods for sale adver-

tise. Hire a man with a lampblack ket-  
tle and a brush to paint your name  
and number on all the railroad fences.  
The cars go whizzing by so fast that  
no one can read them, to be sure, but  
perhaps the obliging conductor would  
stop the train to accommodate an in-  
quisitive passenger.

Remember the fences by the road-  
side as well. Nothing is so attractive  
to the passer by as a well painted sign:  
"Millington's medical mixture for  
mumps."

Have your card in the hotel regis-  
ter by all means. Strangers stopping  
at hotels for a night generally buy a  
cigar or two before they leave town, and  
they need some inspiring literary  
food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your  
business advertised in a fancy frame  
at the Depot, pay him about 200 per  
cent. more than it is worth, and let  
him put it there. When a man has  
three-quarters of a second in which to  
catch a train, he invariably stops to  
read depot advertisements, and your  
card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer  
dodge is excellent. When a man's  
fingers and ears are freezing, or he is  
puffing and "phewing" at the heat, is  
the time above all others when he  
reads an advertisement.

Print in the blackest ink a great  
sprawling card on all your wrapping  
paper. Ladies returning from a shop-  
ping tour too be walking bulletins, and  
if the ink rubs off and spoils some of  
their finery, no matter. They never  
will stop at your store again.

Have a few posters pasted all over  
town mixed up with nigger minstrel  
streamers and theatrical bills; they  
will appear very prominent and at-  
tract about as much attention as a  
black spot on a speckled dog.

Have thousands of little doggies  
printed and hire a few boys to dis-  
tribute them. You've no idea how  
the junk dealer and paper rag man  
will respect you.

Don't fail to advertise in every cir-  
cus programme. It will help the cir-  
cus to pay its bills, and visitors can re-  
lieve the tedium of the clown's jokes  
by looking over your interesting re-  
marks about "twenty per cent. below  
cost," etc.

A boy with a big placard on a pole  
is an interesting object on the street,  
and lends a dignified air to your es-  
tablishment. Hire about two.

Patronize every agent that shows  
you an advertising tablet, card, direc-  
tory, dictionary or even an advertis-  
ing Bible if one is offered at a reason-  
able price. The man must make a  
living.

Advertise on a calendar. People  
never look at a calendar to see what  
day of the month it is. They merely  
glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure  
that your name is spelled with or with-  
out a p., that's all.

But don't think of advertising in a  
well-established, legitimate newspaper.  
Not for a moment. Your advertise-  
ment would be nicely printed and  
would find its way into all the thrifty  
households of the region, where the  
farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman  
in other lines, and into the families of  
the wealthy and refined, all who have  
articles to buy and money with which  
to buy them, and in the quiet of the  
evening, after the news of the day had  
been digested, it would be read and  
pondered, and next day people would  
come down to your store and  
patronize you, and keep coming in in-  
creasing numbers, and you might  
have to hire an extra clerk or two,  
move into a larger block and better lo-  
cation and do bigger business, but of  
course it would be more expensive—  
and bring greater profits.—[New  
Haven Register.

A terrible battle with rats took  
place recently at Bostick's Mills, near  
Peetee, N. C. It seems Gen. Bostick  
and one of his employees, Anderson  
Wayles, went into a corn-house which  
had been stored with corn for nearly  
twelve months, and which had been  
closed for that length of time. After  
getting in they found that the place  
was literally alive with rats, which, so  
far from showing terror, began to at-  
tack fiercely the two men, who in  
vain attempted to beat them off. They  
came upon them in droves, biting them  
about the hands and face and legs,  
several actually getting under Wayles'  
shirt. In the struggle Wayles unfor-  
tunately turned over a bale of heavy  
fodder, which blocked up the door and  
prevented their retreat. Both men  
cried for help, and were rescued from  
their perilous situation. The whole  
of Gen. Bostick's left ear was eaten  
off, and his face horribly gouged.  
Wayles presented a sickening sight;  
his nose and lips being literally eaten  
so that his best friends could not re-  
cognize him, while his left eye was  
torn from its socket.

## An Interesting Story for Children.

Albert Techantch, a German paint-  
er, is the author of a handsome paint-  
ing called "Little Snow-White." The  
story of "Little Snow-White," or, as  
the Germans call her, "Schneewitt-  
chen," is that once upon a time a  
Queen sat sewing at her palace win-  
dow and looking occasionally at the  
snow falling without. The window  
frame was of ebony, and as the snow  
lay on the sill it looked so beautiful  
that she forgot what she was doing,  
and presently pricked her finger with  
the needle. Three drops of blood fell  
on the snow, and it looked so charm-  
ing that the Queen said, "Ah, God!  
that I had a child as white as snow,  
as red as blood, and as black as ebony."  
Such a child was soon born to her,  
and she died, leaving the little one  
to the King's care. Soon, how-  
ever, he married again, and the new  
Queen was so proud of her beauty  
that she could not bear the thought  
that in all the world was one more  
lovely than she. In her bower was a  
mirror, to which she would say:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Faithful am I look of all!"

And the mirror would tell her yes.  
Meanwhile Little Snow-White was  
growing up, and one day when the  
Queen questioned her mirror it in-  
formed her that Little Snow-White  
was a thousand-fold lovelier than she.  
Filled with rage and anger, she gave  
the little girl into the hands of a  
woodman, with instructions to kill  
her. The child's beauty touched him,  
and he let her run free in the forest,  
where one day she found a little  
house, upon entering which she found  
a small table arranged for seven per-  
sons. She tasted the food and drank  
a little wine, after which she lay  
down on one of the seven little beds,  
and soon was fast asleep. The seven  
dwarfs who owned the house, and  
devised for the precious metals in the  
earth, soon came home, and seeing  
her beauty let her sleep till morning,  
when she told her story. They told  
her she might live with them if she  
would be their housekeeper. She  
consented, and the dwarfs were very  
fond of her. One day the Queen  
consulted her mirror and found that  
Little Snow-White was yet alive.  
She poisoned an apple and sent it to  
the child, who took one bite of it and  
fell dead. The dwarfs mourned, and  
carried her on a bier for burial, but  
she looked so lovely as she lay there,  
her throat so white, her cheeks so red  
and her hair so black, that they made  
a glass coffin and inscribed on it,  
"She was a King's daughter." This  
with the maiden in it, they placed on  
the mountain, where one day a Prince  
saw it. He wept, and at last induced  
the dwarfs to let him bear it to his  
palace. As his followers were carry-  
ing it the jostling caused the piece of  
the poisoned apple to fall out of the  
maiden's throat, whereupon she rose  
as well as ever, and married the  
Prince. The wicked Queen consulted  
her mirror, and now it told her that  
a new Queen was more lovely than  
she. To test the matter she went to  
the wedding ball, where she was as-  
tonished to find the new Queen to be  
Little Snow-White. They made her  
put her feet into the glass slippers  
heated till they glowed like fire, and  
thus she had to dance till she fell dead  
with anger pain and chagrin. But  
the Prince and Little Snow-White (so  
the story runs) lived many happy  
years, were blessed with numerous  
good children, and, in short, lived in  
peace, died in Greece, and were buried  
in a cave of tallow.

LIVING WITH NATURE.—Robert  
Ingersoll says there is a quiet about  
the life of a farmer, and a hope of se-  
rene old age, that no business or pro-  
fession can promise. A professional  
man is doomed sometimes to feel that  
his powers are waning. He is doomed  
to see younger and stronger men  
pass him in the race for life. He  
looks forward to an old age of intel-  
lectual mediocrity. He will be the  
last where once he was first. But the  
farmer goes, as it were, into partner-  
ship with nature—he lives with trees  
and flowers—he breathes the sweet air  
of the fields. There is no constant  
frightful strain upon the mind. His  
nights are filled with sleep and rest.  
He watches his flocks and herds as  
they feed upon the green and hilly  
slopes. He hears the pleasant rain  
fall upon the waving corn, and the  
trees he planted in his youth rustle  
above him as he plants others for the  
children yet to be.

RELIEVING WOUNDS.—A quick  
method of relieving painful flesh  
wounds: Throw a handful of wool  
or woolen rags upon hot embers and  
smoke the wounded part till relief is  
obtained, which will usually be in  
three or four minutes. This is said  
to be equally efficacious for old in-  
flamed wounds and dangerous punc-  
tures from fork tines and rusty nails,  
where lock jaw is feared, only it re-  
quires a longer time to give relief.

## Little Johnny on Buzzards.

One time last my sister: "Don't you  
think buzzards is ole nasty birds for to  
eat such nasty things as they does?"  
And sissy she said: "Why yes, John-  
ny, that's a fact, but wot can you ex-  
pect wen you reflect wot they live on?"  
That's jest like ole Gaffer Peters, who  
gets fooler and fooler evry day of his  
life. One day my father, he seen that  
ole man diggin a hole for to set a post  
in, and my father, he sed: "Gaffer, wot  
will you do with the erth wich you  
take out of the hole?" Gaffer he thot a  
long wile, and scratch his head, and  
bime by he sed: "I guess Ie have to  
bury it in a hole." My father he  
sed, "You better left in thisn and  
dug a other for the post." Then Gaf-  
fer he spoke up and sed, "It ain't too  
late yet." So he put the erth back  
into the hole wich he had dugged, and  
wen my father he come away Gaffer  
was diggin a other hole for to set his  
post into. But wats of that got to do  
with buzzards Ie like to kno? Billy,  
that's my brother, he says they is call-  
ed buzzards cos they buzzes a round  
dead horses, but if evry fool is going  
to be a naturalist Ie for drawing  
out! There was a buzzard and it was  
eating a ded elephant, which smelt,  
and there was a lion, and the lion  
he turned his nose up, like sayin: "You  
ought to be shamed, you crevel fellow!  
But if you will eat sech innocent little  
things, why don't you kill 'em for your-  
self, fresh?" Then the buzzard it wag-  
ed its tail, much as to say, "That's  
jest wot I wud do, but wen ever I find  
one wich is alive there is ole ways one  
of your vegetarians close by, a mindin'  
it so it shant get hurt. If you reform-  
ers wude tend to yure own business-  
es yude see me slotter 'em ripe and left."  
Then the lion wunk its eye like it sed  
how would the buzzard kil 'em, but the  
buzzard shook itself much as to say,  
"Don't interrupt a feller wich is  
to his dinner."

Mr. Eddy gave Miss Hintzleman a  
fine set of jewelry, at Newbern, N. C.,  
and she wore it for several weeks.  
Then he brought a suit to recover it,  
on the ground that he had simply lent  
it to her. She testified that, by the  
terms of a mutual agreement, she  
was to pay for the jewelry by kissing  
Mr. Eddy every morning for a hun-  
dred days. He called and got his  
kiss, on his way to work, every day  
for a month. Then he grew bold and  
wanted to take a hug as well as a kiss.

There was no provision in the bargain  
for hugging, and she repulsed him,  
even restricting his kisses to a mere  
touch of his lips to her cheek. He  
thought he was being cheated, and  
hence his effort to recover.

The STANFORD JOURNAL says a  
well dressed woman came into that  
office a few days ago, and presented a  
check for \$7.15, saying she would  
subscribe for the paper if the editor  
would give her the difference in money.  
He declined to do so and says she  
must be either a "fraud or a lunatic."

Of course she was a lunatic to sup-  
pose that an editor would have so  
large a sum of money about him. A  
fellow came into this office yesterday  
and said, "Well, I'll pay my sub-  
scription if you will change Twenty  
Dollars!" We faint. Some people  
actually believe that newspaper of-  
fices are regular National banks.—  
[Blue Grass Clipper.

John Williams, a merchant at Rut-  
ledge, Ga., sued a desperado. The  
fellow entered the store in a furious  
passion, held out the summons in one  
hand, clutched a long knife in the other,  
and said: "Williams, have you  
sued me?" Williams knew that an  
immediate "Yes" would make him sure  
of a stab. "Let me get my spectacles,  
so that I can read the paper," he said.  
He went behind the counter and came  
back, not with his glasses, but with an  
axe across his shoulder. "Yes," he said,  
"I have sued you." "All right," re-  
marked the desperado, "I guess I'll  
pay the bill."

"Pull out Bill!" shrieked an en-  
gineer's son to one of his playmates,  
a brackenn's boy, who was in im-  
minent danger of getting smashed by his  
mother, who was coming after him.  
"Get on the main line and give her  
steam! Here comes the switch en-  
gine!" But before the juvenile could  
get in motion, she had him by the ear,  
and he was laid up with a hot box.

A young pastor who has recently  
had a son born to him notifies a brother  
pastor as follows: "Unto us a child is  
born; unto us a son is given.—Is  
9:6." It was written on a postal card.  
The receiver showed the message to a  
sister in his church. "Ah, yes," said  
the woman, after reading it, "it weigh-  
ed nine pounds six ounces."—[N. Y.  
Post.

STARTING A HORSE.—Always start  
a horse with the voice, never with the  
cut of the whip. In starting, turn a  
little to one side; in stopping when  
going up a hill, do the same.

## Andrew Jackson's

Peculiar likeness and respect for la-  
boring men is picturesquely shown by  
a story related in the Nashville *Dem-  
ocrat*. John Cryer, a mason, was on  
several occasions engaged to build  
chimneys at the Hermitage, and  
while at work often observed the most  
refined and wealthy people of Nash-  
ville coming to visit the General and  
his wife. The good mason having  
more or less of mortar ornamenting  
his clothes, would say to Jackson that  
he "would not go to the first table to  
eat"—that he "was not fit to appear  
in such elegant company." The Gen-  
eral always replied: "You must go  
to the first table, sir; a laboring man  
ought to be as highly honored as any  
man in the community, for the sup-  
port of the world depends on their  
labor. I will see that you are treated  
with proper respect at my table." This  
story is certainly to the credit of  
Jackson's democracy, however, it may  
be as to his social graces. Cryer, fre-  
quently laughing, said that he had been  
more honored than any man in the  
world, for President Jackson had fre-  
quently waited on him, and brought  
him brick and mortar, when his regu-  
lar attendant was out of the way.

Coming Dispatches.  
China and Russia are going to war.  
We may now expect to have despatch-  
es something after this order:

CHINA WALLEE.  
Me nectee heapee Lussian troops; me  
knockee 'em all into a clocke lattee.  
CHING CHOLAR, Bossee General.  
The corresponding Russian despatch  
would be as follows:

CHINAWITCH WALLOWITCH.  
The Celestialowitch troopskoff were  
lastoski nightowitch knockedinoff high-  
erowski than a kicowitch.  
OLYMARGARINEVSKI TRAINOWITCH,  
Major-General and Second Deputy Czar.

A manuscript supposed to have been  
written by St. Peter has lately been  
discovered among the property of a  
man named Bore, who died last year  
at Jerusalem, at the age of 109. The  
style of the work has led to the con-  
clusion that it is authentic, and it is  
stated that the London Bible Socie-  
ty, which has dispatched a com-  
mittee to the spot, has offered Bore's  
heirs the sum of \$100,000 for its pos-  
session. The heirs, however, refuse  
to part with the manuscript, though it  
seems probable that they will allow  
the society to reproduce and translate  
it.

A good story comes to the surface  
at the expense of Bob Toombs, of  
Georgia. During the war Jeff Dav-  
is visited "the front," and was at once  
assailed by Toombs. Said Bob: "Mr.  
President, I am a Brigadier-General  
and senior in rank to Brigadier-Gen-  
eral McLaws. Yet he has 10,000  
men under his command, while I have  
but 1,000." Is that so? said Jeff.  
"I will rectify it at once." And that  
very hour he commissioned McLaws a  
Major-General.

Several young men were sitting to-  
gether, and a young lady happened  
to approach the vicinity. One real  
sweet young fellow seeing, as he sup-  
posed, the young lady looking at him,  
remarked playfully and with becom-  
ing simper, "Well, miss, you needn'  
look at me as though you wanted to  
eat me." "Oh no," replied the young  
lady, "I never eat greens."

The English language is wonderful  
for its aptness of expression. When  
a number of men and women get to-  
gether and look at each other from  
the sides of the room, that's called a  
sociable. When a hungry crowd  
calls upon a poor minister and eats  
him out of house and home, that's  
called a "donation party."

"No, William," she mournfully ut-  
tered, still allowing him to retain the  
hand. "No, William, I can't marry  
you. I don't believe you can provide  
a wife with butter upon your present  
salary, and I can't eat oleomargarine."  
—[Boston Transcript.

A Missouri newspaper having non-  
sued "the Honorable Adolph Pantz"  
for the Presidency, the Washington  
Capital suggests Schurz for Vice-Pres-  
ident. "Pantz and Schurz would  
work well together," says the Capital.

"I know a victim to tobacco," said  
a lecturer, "who hasn't tasted food  
for thirty years." "How do you know he  
hasn't?" asked an auditor. "Because  
tobacco killed him in 1850," was the  
reply.

For gapes in chickens try asafotida  
in water. Mix the dough with the  
water and give it to them. As soon  
as the little chicks are taken off the  
nests begin to feed it to them, and keep  
feeding it all summer.

It is odd, and sometimes melan-  
choly, to see a man trying to "make  
up his mind" when he has no material  
on hand to work with.

Don't trust to the honesty of men.  
When you do business, have every-  
thing down in black and white.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. Sims, Pas-  
tor. Services every Sunday morning and night,  
Prayer Meetings Thursday nights. Sunday School  
at 9:30 A. M. J. S. Sims, Superintendent. The  
Young Men's Society meets here on Friday  
Sundays in each month, at 5 o'clock. Mrs. T. T.  
Devine, President.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Bruce, Pastor. Services  
on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and  
night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday after-  
noon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Barrow,  
Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the con-regation ev-  
ery Lord's day. Preaching by Eld. Jos. Ballou  
on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School  
at 9:30 A. M. J. S. Sims, Superintendent. The  
Young Men's Society meets here on Friday  
Sundays in each month, at 5 o'clock. Mrs. T. T.  
Devine, President.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—No Pastor. Sun-  
day School at 9:30 A. M. John W. Rees,  
Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednes-  
day nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. Hays,  
Pastor, preaches on Second and Fourth Sun-  
days, morning and night.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,  
STANFORD KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.  
OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22nd 1878

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.  
CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations At-  
forded Commercial  
Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

MYERS HOTEL,  
STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, Prop'r.

This Old and Well-Known  
Hotel Still Maintains its  
High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that  
it Shall be Second to no Country  
Hotel in the State in its Fare,  
Appointments, or Atten-  
tion to Comfort of  
their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot  
free of charge. Special accommodations for  
commercial travelers. The bar will be  
always supplied with the choicest  
brands of liquors and cigars. An  
excellent library is attached.

CRAB ORCHARD  
SPRINGS,

LINCOLN COUNTY, KY.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESORT,

WITH ITS MANY AD-

Increased Improvements

AND ATTRACTIONS,  
WILL OPEN

FOR THE  
Reception of Visitors

ON

THE 1ST OF MAY, 1880.

AND

CONTINUE OPEN TILL OCT. 31ST.

AS USUAL AN EXCELLENT BAND WILL  
be engaged, which will furnish music for the dance  
each evening. During the season Friday evenings  
will be devoted to special balls, and it is proposed  
to make a number of them the grandest ever given  
here.

TERMS:  
For May and June, per Week, \$10.  
For July and August, \$20 to \$15.  
According to Location of Rooms.  
Length of Stay, &c.

Direct railroad connections, whereby passengers  
can arrive at the Springs after a five-hour's ride,  
from either Louisville or Cincinnati, with no  
doubt, induce large numbers to visit us this season.

I. SHERIDAN TEVINS,  
Manager.

PAINTING AND PAPER-HANGING!

MR. CALVIN GRAYBEAL

Will do all kinds of Painting and Paper-Hanging  
in good style and at low prices as any body.  
Call on or address him at McKinley Station, Ky.  
414-6m

NOTICE!

J. D. BRADY'S TR. vs. J. D. BRADY'S CRED-  
The creditors of J. D. Brady are notified to produce  
and file their claims before me, properly proven,  
on or before June 1st, 1880, at the law office of T.  
W. & W. E. Varner, Sta. Ind. Ky.  
428-34

J. E. LYNN, Trustee.

## GO WITH THE TIDE OF CUSTOMERS

—TO—

J. WINTER &amp; CO.,

Cor. Third &amp; Market Streets, - - Louisville, Ky.

THEY WILL SHOW YOU THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST STOCK OF

Men's, Boys', Youths', School &amp; Children's Clothing

— IN THE CITY, AND, YOU WILL FIND, —

BY COMPARING PRICES,







## LOCAL NOTICES.

GERMAN Millet Seed at Owsley & Higgins'.  
New Styles of Wall Paper at McRoberts & Stagg's.

CHOCQUET Sets cheaper than ever at Chennault & Penny's.

LINE, CEMENT and Salt constantly on hand at Owsley & Higgins'.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Chennault & Penny's.

SAVING Machines made at every variety at McRoberts & Stagg's.

A LARGE stock of Landreth's Garden Seed at Chennault & Penny's. All fresh, no old seed.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS have moved to the store-room of Carson & Duddy, next to the Postoffice.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Window Glass, at bottom prices at Chennault & Penny's.

PREPARED, Toilet Soap, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, and toilet articles of all kinds at Chennault & Penny's.

At McRoberts & Stagg's can be found the best Mixed Paints—cheaper and better than any other Paint in the market.

Is order to close out as near as possible before moving, we are offering everything cheap for cash. Harris & Nunnally.

BEST Soda Water in the world, and as cold as the Frigid Zone, for sale by McRoberts & Stagg's. Price, 5 cents a glass.

If you want to paper your rooms, examine the samples of wall paper at Chennault & Penny's. They are beautiful and cheap.

FROM now until the 10th of June we will sell any goods we have on hand at cost for CASH or Country Produce. Harris & Nunnally.

PERSONAL.—The friends hereabouts of W. D. Courts will be gratified to learn that his firm of Courts & Pickels, at Danville, is doing a rushing business in the Saddlery and Harness line, in which they are thoroughly prepared to furnish everything that a customer may want. Their prices are as low as the same goods can be had in the cities, and it will pay our people to give them a call.

TABLER'S Buckeye Pile Ointment is the favorite remedy for that terrible disease, Piles or Hemorrhoids. It is the favorite remedy because it never fails to cure the most obstinate case when used according to directions. Can be used without consulting a doctor. It is sold by all druggists.

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The election hours will be from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

NEW White Goods, Lawns and Laces of Severance & Dullender's.

THE Celebrated Saddle Grain Cradle for sale by Owsley & Higgins.

BIRTHS.—To the wife of W. C. Cash a girl, and to Mrs. Frank McClary, a girl.

HAMS.—If you want something sweet and nice get the Magnolia at Geo. D. Wearen's.

HOS. CASSIUS M. CLAY will speak on political questions here at one o'clock to-day.

TO PRINTERS.—A new plow paper cutter for sale cheap. Address W. P. Walton, Stanford, Ky.

ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Hall, widow of Feland Hall, deceased, was killed by a fall from a wagon several days ago.

SECOND stock of Men's Low-cut Shoes received yesterday. Regular custom made and warranted. Geo. H. Bruce & Co.

FOR SALE.—Mrs. L. J. Harris wishes to sell her dwelling house and lot on Danville pike. Any one wishing to buy can call and see premises.

PLEASE ATTEND.—Clerks of the Primary Election will confer a great favor by sending us the results of the polls at the earliest possible moment.

MR. L. T. SHELL is here again, but will remain only a short time—just long enough to close up his business. Those wanting work done must call at once.

NEW FURNITURE.—Mr. J. N. Craig has lately received a large stock of Furniture, Spring and Cotton Top Mattresses, &c. Call and see them before you buy.

ATTENTION HORSE MEN.—Pole-Evil and Fistula cured for \$5; also any horse driven in harness or gaited to the saddle by F. D. Albright, Stanford, Ky. 20-3m.

It will be just a year next Monday since that fearful hail storm visited us. Let our good people pray that the present long dry spell will not end in such a manner this year.

K. E. A. A.—The people are beginning to appreciate the Kentucky Baptist Assurance Association of Stanford, and the number of members is daily increasing. It is bound to be a success.

CURE FOR CORNS.—A neat fitting boot or shoe is indispensable to a nice get up, and if you would have no only beauties but joy for ever, call on L. A. Willson, Stanford. His work is the only sure cure for corns.

ITS NO USE.—The usual dispositions are going the rounds of the Press on the danger of drinking ice water. We do not deem it worth while to reproduce them as none of our citizens will afford the luxury with ice at three cents a pound.

BEATS US.—The Blue Grass Clipper tells of seven families named Davis within a mile of Midway, none of whom are in any way related. We cannot best it exactly, but we have here in Stanford four distinct families of Myers and three of Davis.

An old carriage maker of twenty years' experience called in to see D. F. Bash, this week, and remarked that he is doing better and cheaper work than any establishment of the kind he has visited in the State. Persons are invited to call and examine for themselves.

ELECTION.—To-morrow the primary election will be held in this District for Judge of Common Pleas, Attorney, Circuit Clerk and Sheriff. Go to the polls, give the best man of the other aspirants a lift, and honor yourself and your county by voting for James W. Alcorn.

AT McKINNEY.—In order to raise funds to complete the Church at McKinney, the younger members of the congregation have decided to produce the excellent temperance play "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," about the 1st of June, and big preparations are now being made to insure a grand success.

FARE REDUCED.—The passenger fare on the Cincinnati Southern has been reduced from all stations to two cents a mile, just half of what it was before. This will make a ticket to Cincinnati from Danville Junction only \$2.25 and to Chattanooga from same point only \$4.50. The L. & N. can not compete with these rates and she had just as well come to terms.

THE LAST OF A RAT HOLE.—Just before the work of tearing down the old Shanks store-room commenced on Tuesday, someone, who wanted to perpetuate the memory of the old hull, raised a subscription to have Capt. Shanks photograph it. The money was raised, the picture taken, and, now, if you want to look at the old eye-sore you can do so by paying fifty cents a copy for it.

A MONSTROUS SMALL MATTER.—We were a little premature last week in announcing that a majority of the Magistrates had agreed to the use of the Court-house for Mrs. Trueheart's Commencement Exercises. It is a mighty small matter, but we are consoled with the thought that this will not cause the indefinite postponement of the exercises. They will take place notwithstanding.

NO CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.—We are likely to be without a Sheriff again, Mr. S. H. Baughman, the present incumbent, says he will not accept the office for its fees and commissions alone, and we have heard of no one suggested to succeed him. Mr. Baughman has made the best Sheriff we have had for years, and has saved the county three or four times the amount that the County Court has allowed him for a bonus.

JOKE ON THE BOYS.—It now turns out that the pretty little artist, "Miss" Louise Johnson, who left here a short time ago, was a Mrs. Ford, with a living husband, whom she had left because of his general worthlessness. The two or three young men who fell so desperately in love with her, do not seem to particularly appreciate the joke, and are willing hereafter to pay their attention alone to home girls. It must be said, however, that Mrs. Ford was exceptionally discrete and ladylike.

LADIES, READ THIS.—The gay Spring-time has come, and the Summer is near. You who need anything for wearing apparel during the season, need not run off to the cities after it, so long as we have such enterprising and tasty merchants as the Hayden Brothers to supply all your wants at prices lower than city retail stores. Dress goods, fans, parasols, neck wear, "head-gear," ornamental and hundreds of other articles too tedious to mention, can be found at their splendid store. Keep your money at home and patronize home folks.

TO-MORROW will tell the tale, but we won't hear it for several days.

DEATH.—Harriet Baughman, a very respectable colored woman, died suddenly this week.

IT TRIED to rain last evening, but it was an abortive attempt, only a few drops falling in this locality.

RATS is fearfully needed, and if it does not come in a few days the grass crop will be almost completely ruined.

THE NIGHT PASSENGER TRAIN—Passes Danville Junction going South at 11:14 P. M., and going North at 4:30 A. M.

LINCOLN and Garrard will be united next Thursday morning in the persons of a charming Lancaster girl and a worthy Hestonville boy.

CENSUS.—In the division of the county P. M. McRoberts, enumerator, gets the first District which embraces half of Stanford, and E. T. Rochester gets District No. 2.

LEO BROKE.—In attempting to throw some baggage on a train the other day Mr. Ed. Stagg slipped and broke his leg short off below the knee. It did not seem to hurt him much, but he was the maddest man you ever saw. The leg was artificial and had just cost him \$100.

THE TRAINS—Have been all out of fix this week. Monday the down train from Richmond was detained several hours by an accident to the engine, and yesterday a freight train was wrecked a mile below New Haven, detaining the passenger, which did not arrive here till 7:30 P. M., 5 hours late.

NOT WORTH A CENT.—An order made by the Town Trustees to not write the paper it is written on, and no one need obey their orders unless they feel inclined. At least we infer this much as numerous orders have been issued to parties to fix their pavements, who have taken no notice of them, and there has been no effort to enforce them.

A BUILDING BOOK.—Preparations are now being made in Stanford for the building of two Churches, a commodious Town Hall with three stories under Dr. J. B. Owsley's residence and Asher Owsley's large store-house. All of these buildings will be of brick, and it is estimated that it will require over a million of them. The two yards will, however, be equal to the emergency.

MORE YET.—One would have thought that after the opening of the extensive stock of goods last month by the Hayden Brothers, there could not possibly be any demand for new supplies short of a year. But such has been the extent of their sales for the past six or eight weeks, that they have been compelled to order fresh lots. This they have done, and the rush continues unabated, for it is well known that none but the best goods for the least money is the motto under which the Haydens sail.

TO-MORROW.—In the primary election to-morrow, your choice for Judge will be between Judge Owsley and J. W. Alcorn, Esq. For Commonwealth's Attorney, our worthy townsman, C. C. Warren, has no opposition, but show your appreciation of his worth by giving him a full vote. For Circuit Clerk the choice is between three mighty good men, Messrs. Jas. P. Bailey, J. H. Miller and Tim W. Higgins. For Sheriff we have heard of no candidate, but it would be just as well to vote for S. H. Baughman. He is a No. 1 officer and might be induced to accept the office. We hope every Democrat will feel it his duty to go to the polls, so that there will be a full and fair expression of choice.

DEATHS.

—PEAKE.—Of Meningitis, on the 19th Samuel Shanks PEAKE, son of Mr. J. P. PEAKE, aged 13 years. The funeral was held at the residence, by Eld. S. H. King, and the remains were interred in Buffalo Cemetery.

—CLOYD.—The sudden death of Miss Etie CLOYD, at Hamilton College, Lexington, falls like a pall on her friends there and here. Just budding into lovely womanhood, and after a number of years of hard study, ready to graduate and go forth to a life of usefulness, she is cut down almost without warning. Truly the ways of Providence are past finding out.

RELIGIOUS.

—Central University is again without a Chancellor, the Rev. Rutherford Douglas having resigned.

—Mr. Salem Church has secured the services of Rev. J. M. Bruce for half his time, and he will hereafter preach there regularly on the 1st and 3d Sundays.

—Three-fourths of all the Baptist Churches in the country are in the South. The membership of this denomination in the Southern States is 1,500,000, of whom 900,000 are colored.

—The annual reunion of Hardshell Baptists at Rock Springs, Hickman county, was attended by 2,000 persons, some of whom came 75 miles to witness the ceremony of feet-washing.

—The new Christian Church is to be of brick, and will be 60x40 feet in size, leaving, after cutting off the vestibule, an audience room of 60x40. The building committee has been appointed and will go ahead with the work.

—Rev. J. M. Bruce has gone to the State Association at Owensboro, and consequently will not be able to fill his appointment here next Sunday. He authorizes us, however, to say that he will preach on the 5th Sunday, instead.

—Rev. J. S. Sims preached an excellent discourse on "Woman's Work" last Sunday. It had special reference to the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, which is now doing such noble work for the enlightenment of heathen women.

—The Methodist ministers are every known for their love of the weed in every form, consequently it is not surprising that they declined at the General Conference, this week, to act on a resolution that no man should be elected to the Episcopacy who uses tobacco.

—The colored members of the Northern Methodist Church number 189,395 and hold church property to the amount of \$2,003,129, and still the General Conference refuses to elect a Bishop from their number. They pretend to love the colored brother, but it would never, never do to make a nigger Bishop, they think.

—A gawky youth, who got off at Lebanon, stole Dr. Guernsey's gold-headed cane, presented to him by the students of the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, last Saturday as he was on his way to dedicate Kirkville Church. The thief was soon after apprehended, and on his examining trial he was sent to the Circuit Court. He now languishes in jail.

—Rev. J. C. Randolph will deliver his Millennium sermon at Mt. Zion next Sunday at 3 o'clock.

—The colored Baptist, whose church fell down a year or two ago, will replace it with a brick house. They have by hard saving and a few small contributions from outside parties, succeeded in raising a pretty good sum, which Mr. Henry Baughman has agreed to take and build the church, retaining a lien on it for its cost. Those who have money could not do better with it than help this struggling people, who are trying so hard to help themselves.

—The Sunday School at McKinnor reorganized last Sunday with 102 scholars present. G. R. Waters was elected Superintendent, Henry C. Jones, Secretary and Librarian, and Messrs. J. B. Road, Mr. Thompson, W. C. Bailey, H. C. Jones, Mr. Daniel, Rev. Mr. Goebel, Mrs. G. W. Alford, Miss Lettie Thurmond and Mrs. G. W. Shultz, teachers. We hope that this excellent beginning is the precursor of a most successful term, and that great good will be done.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Our local buyers are paying but 30 cents now for best wool.

—John M. Hall bought in Pulaski, this week, 8 broke mules, at \$65 to \$75.

—Spring chickens are selling at \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen, with but few offerings.

—J. J. McKinney and A. Frey have sold their lands at 4 cents, June delivery.

—W. C. Bailey says that the Colorado potato bug has made its appearance in large quantities on his farm.

—Green peas, raised in the county, have appeared on the market, but the festive little strawberry is not among the list of arrivals.

—The Kentucky tobacco crop in 1876 was 128,810,000 lbs.; in 1877, 181,484,000 lbs.; in 1878, 104,172,000 lbs., and in 1879, is estimated at 114,000,000 lbs.

—The Lebanon Standard says the wool from its own flock in Washington county brought \$7.20, and from a ewe of the same breed \$7.20.

—J. W. McAlister, President of the National Bank, has sold the farm of A. S. Jones, of 96 acres, lately bought by the bank, to James Popples for \$4,500.

—The Cincinnati papers say that the wool trade is rather discouraging, consumers being afraid to buy beyond absolute requirements. Unwashed wool is quoted at 25 to 31 cents, washed at from 35 to 45 cents.

—Reports from sixty points in Ohio say the prospects of the wheat crop were never finer than at present. The acreage is largely increased, and a more abundant yield than ever is promised. Frosts have not injured the fruit. A larger amount of corn is now in the hands of the farmers. Farmers are very hopeful over the outlook.

—DANVILLE COURT.—H. T. Bush reports: About 600 cattle on the market, ranging from the very best down to the common scrub, and owing to the continued dry weather and shortness of grass, the market was very dull. The best sold at 4 to 4 1/2 cents per lb., running down as low as 2 cents for common and scrub stock. A few plug horses sold at \$40 to \$75. No mules.

—GEORGETOWN COURT DAY.—Four hundred to 500 head of cattle on sale at Georgetown on Monday, with prices somewhat depressed on account of the dry weather. There were more than usual left over for want of buyers. Prices ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.75 for those sold. Males were in good demand, with several sales of pairs of broke mules at \$120 each. The supply of common horses was large, with sales ranging from \$20 to \$90.

—LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.—In Louisville cattle are dull and lower. Good to extra shipping, \$4.25 to \$4.60; best butcher, \$4.10 to \$4.25; thin to common, \$1.50 to \$3.50. Stock hogs are in demand at \$3.75 to \$4.00; good packers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; fair, \$4 to \$4.10. Good sheep, \$3.50 to \$4; common, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Extra lambs, \$5.50 to \$6; common, \$4.50 to \$5 per hundred. In Cincinnati common cattle range from \$1.50 to \$3.25; choice butchers, \$5.50 to \$6.40; good shipping, \$4 to \$4.65. Hogs are higher and in demand; common, \$3.50 to \$4.15; best butcher, \$4.50 to \$4.65. Sheep are worth from 3 1/2 to 6 cents, and lambs from 5 to 6 1/2 cents per lb.

—LOUISVILLE RACES.—Tuesday being Derby Day a great number of people were present to witness the sport. The first race was for the Association purse of \$300, of which \$50 to second horse; one and a quarter miles. Volturino, 1, One Dime, 2, Buckie, 3—Time, 2:12. Next came the Kentucky Derby for three-year-olds, 1 1/2 mile. Only five of the forty-two nominations started, and after a hotly contested race, Fonso was declared the winner in 2:37, Kinball second, and Bancroft third. Kinball was the favorite and sold for \$325 in the pools against \$77 for Fonso. The third race was for \$300, \$50 to second horse, mile heats, won in two straight heats by Montreal, 1:43 and 1:41; Beattie second, Wednesday—First Race—"The Alexander Stakes," for two-year-olds; \$50 entrance, half forfeit, of which \$100 to second, half-mile dash: Hindoo, 1, Baltic, 2, Marezek, 3, Scotland, 0—Time, 5:00. Second Race—"The Louisville Ladies' Stake," for two-year-old fillies; \$50 entrance, half forfeit; \$500 added, of which \$100 to second; half-mile dash: Brambleta, 1, Geneg, 2, Patti, 3—Time, 5:00. Third Race—Selling race, for all ages, over \$250, of which \$50 to second. Mile heats. Horses to be sold for \$1,000 to carry full weights; \$750 added five pounds; \$500, ten pounds; \$300 fourteen pounds. Winner to be sold after the race; one-half surplus to second horse; balance to association. Maggie May, 1; Minnie R, 1:6; Sam Eck, 6:2 0. Time, 1:43; 1:45; 1:49. All of the time, so far, has been slower than last year by from 1/4 to several seconds.

—LINCOLN COUNTY.

Engleman's Mill.

—Farmers are never satisfied. They are now grumbling about the dry weather. They say that, unless it rains in a few days, that the oats crop and meadows will be a total failure.

—The sale of Mrs. Mary F. Engleman took off Saturday. Everything sold reasonably. Horses and mules brought from \$34 to \$130; cows \$25 to \$30. The land was withdrawn at \$50 per acre. The mill and distillery were sold to C. B. Engleman at \$2,347.

—Some thief broke into Engleman's mill one night last week and stole a sack of meal and six or eight bushels of corn, also a large copper pipe, worth \$8 or \$10. Messrs. C. B. Engleman and G. H. McChesney tracked them several miles by the corn that was scattered along the road. Circumstantial evidence is pretty strong against some individuals in this neighborhood.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. R. D. Bruce to Miss Carrie M. Harlan. Attendants—Mr. Sam Harlan and Miss Lettie Dennis, Mr. S. H. Bruce and Miss Lettie Harlan. At the same time and place a reception was given in honor of Mr. J. W. Harlan and lady. The bride was looking as lovely as virgin rose-buds, arrayed in white tulle, trimmed in satin, wreaths of orange flowers and pearl jewelry. At an early hour the palatial residence of Mr. Jacob Harlan was thronged with invited guests to witness the marriage. About half past nine the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Bruce, and after the congratulations of their many friends the doors of the spacious dining-room were



THE STOLEN WILL.

When they told old Ethan Vanwilt that his days were numbered, the first thing he said was:

"Send for Miss Work. I must see Laura Work before I die."

Singular as the demand seemed no one thought of questioning it. Miss Work was sent for.

Laura turned quite white when the strange, imperative summons first came, and she was told that he who sent it was dying.

"Dying?" she whispered, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"What can he want? Shall you go Laura?" asked Pauline Ruble who was visiting her.

"Go, yes, yes. Poor old man! I am so sorry for him. Certainly I will go. But I am frightened, Pauline. I never saw any one die."

The pretty childlike creature was trembling from head to foot.

Pauline put her arm round the slight figure, and drew the golden head down upon her shoulder. She was several inches taller than Laura, and far handsomer, in her own opinion.

"Little fool," she thought, as she caressed the fair, flower-like with her slim hand. "Of course it is something about Lewis Vanwilt."

Aloud she said indignantly: "It had better go with you dear, don't you think so?"

"Oh, if you only will," Laura cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was quite an invalid and could not accompany her daughter, so she, also, was very glad to have Pauline go with her.

As the carriage drove off with the two girls, she sank back upon her sofa with a thoughtful look.

"It must be something about his grandson. I hope Laura won't be silly."

The young ladies were shown at once into Mr. Vanwilt's apartment. The sick man frowned at the sight of Pauline.

"I wish to see you alone, Laura, my child," he said.

"I will wait for you in the next room, darling," Pauline volunteered promptly and departed.

"Mr. Lewis has come, sir," the attendant said as he was leaving the room, in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.

"Let him wait," the old man said, grimly.

The night was warm and the windows were all open. The sick room and the one next to it both looked upon a wide veranda, which ran across the entire front of the grand mansion.

It was an easy thing for Pauline to step out upon this veranda without attracting attention and pass along to the window of the sick room.

"I want to know what he wants of her," she said to herself; "and Laura is such an obstinate little chit sometimes, as likely as not she would not let me."

"I have sent for you Laura Work," the dying man was saying, "to ask if you love my grandson?"

Laura's sweet face clouded with crimson, and then grew white again. She was trembling so, poor child, she could scarcely stand.

"My dear," he said, "I am dying, or I will not ask you such a question. Lewis is my only son's only child. If I die without a will the whole Vanwilt property will fall to him as the heir; but the boy has taken to bad courses lately, I am afraid. He gambles, I have heard. His father did before him. The taste for it came near being my ruin at his very age. But I promised the woman I married that I would never touch another card again, if she would love me, and I never did. My grandson loves you as only a Vanwilt can. In that is my only hope for him. Am I wrong, my child, in believing that you care for him?"

Laura's pale lips opened but she would not utter a word.

"Little fool!" thought Pauline.

"Listen to me," old Ethan Vanwilt said, lifting himself upon his elbow in his excitement. "If you love Lewis, and promise me that before you consent to marry him, you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me, he shall be my heir. If not, the money goes away from him. Speak child! My lawyer wants me to make my will."

Laura burst into tears.

"I do love him!" she stammered.

"I will promise anything rather than you should do such a dreadful thing. But what—if he does not care for me, as you think?"

"I will risk that! I know he does. All I ask of you is your promise not to marry him until he has sworn he will never touch a card again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words over after me."

Laura obeyed him more calmly than might have been expected in her half hysterical state.

"God bless you!" he said, as he let her go. "You have made my dying moments almost happy."

As Laura quitted the room, sobbing, Pauline was about to join her when she heard the sick man utter:

"I'm not sure after all that a will would make everything safer."

Then he ordered the attendant who had just come in, to go and bring Mr. Scribe.

"Can he be going to make a will after all?" wondered Pauline. "I'll wait and see."

She resumed her listening attitude, well screened from view by the shrouding folds of the heavy silk curtains.

To her amazement she heard the sick man dictate a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Laura Work absolutely.

Mr. Scribe ventured to remonstrate, but to no use.

"I know what I am about," the imperious old man said, and would hear nothing.

The will duly signed, witnessed and sealed, he told the lawyer where to put it in his desk, which stood within his view.

"Is it safe here?" Mr. Scribe asked.

"I see no key."

"Who would touch it?" the sick man asked, irritably. "It would benefit no one but Lewis, and the Vanwirts are not thieves, whatever else they may be. Besides how do you know that I may not change my mind at the last moment, and destroy it yet? Go now, please, and tell some one to send my grandson to me."

Pauline would have liked to stay and witness this interview also but she did not dare. Laura must be wondering greatly now where she was.

She found that Laura had come out of the sick room so agitated that Mrs. Beckett, the housekeeper, had made her lie down and was now sitting with her.

The night was so far advanced by this time, and Laura seemed so ill, that it was decided that the two girls should remain till morning.

Pauline took the housekeeper's place beside her friend, and in a short time Laura fell asleep. As Pauline sat there watching the white, childlike face of the girl she pretended to love, her brain was full of wicked and envious thoughts.

Laura was already rich; she was poor, and yet, to her who already had so much, the whole great Vanwilt property had just been given. She envied her the fortune, and she envied her the handsome lover, with whom she was herself half in love, and whom, hitherto, she had not without hope of winning from Laura yet.

"But of course he will have to marry her now," she thought, bitterly.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the deep silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house—she heard hurried steps and excited voices.

"What can it be?" she wondered.

"Mr. Vanwilt must be worse."

She sat listening some moments, then she rose softly. Laura was still sleeping. Pauline succeeded in opening the door and then stole out into the hall.

From the landing she could see the servants below, hurrying about with awe-struck looks.

An impulse of ungovernable curiosity seized her. She watched her chance, and, gliding down the stairs, slipped through the open door without being seen, and passed swiftly along the veranda where she had already spent so much time.

One glance at the bed told her what had happened. Ethan Vanwilt was dead! A sudden awe and horror seized her.

She was about to flee the spot where her eyes fell upon the dead man who had seen her will placed.

"I wonder if it is there yet?" she thought.

No one was in the room at the moment, though the door into the next one was open and she could hear voices.

"I am sure I can reach it from here. I should know it at a glance," she muttered.

She put her hand in and lifted the lid. There it was.

A wicked thought crossed her. What if she took it. No one would ever know. The lawyer would never find it. The lawyer would never find it.

At that thought she snatched the will, and, hiding it in the folds of her dress, hurriedly retraced her steps.

She was too hurried now to be as cautious as she was when she came out; but, as it happened, she regained her room without any one seeing her. Laura still slept.

Ethan Vanwilt had been dead about a month. His grandson had entered into possession of his estate without hindrance. There were rumors about a will, but when it could not be found, Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and refused, when questioned, to tell who he named in it.

Pauline Ruble was still visiting Laura Work, although, truth to tell, her welcome had grown somewhat cold, both on Laura's part and Mrs. Work's.

Laura was very unhappy. Lewis Vanwilt scarcely ever spoke of her, except in the most formal manner, though he came to the house as often as formerly. Apparently, it was to

see Pauline now, and, though the gentle girl strove to feel the same to her false friend, she could not, quite.

Mrs. Work, beholding the defection of young Vanwilt from her daughter, wished heartily they had none of them ever seen Miss Ruble.

There was a certain dejected air about this time took advantage of the situation to renew his devotion to her. Laura had never liked him and liked him less than ever now, and more than once she had fancied that Pauline had deliberately contrived to fasten him upon her for the evening.

"I must bring matters to a crisis soon," thought Pauline, one night, as she watched her brilliant face with smiles, and pretended not to perceive Mrs. Work's unusually cold manner toward her.

Presently, when Lewis Vanwilt called, she was watching for him and drew him at once into the garden.

"I want to tell you something," she said, in her softest voice; "and, besides, Laura and her lover are so happy in there by themselves, it would be a pity to disturb them."

Lewis Vanwilt's handsome face turned quite white.

"Has she consented to marry him at last?" he asked bitterly.

"Oh, of course! I told you she would. He is such a moral young man and dear Laura is so very strict in her ideas. I believe she thinks he has not a vice in the world; and I know if she thought he had ever touched a card she would not have him now."

Lewis winced.

"Mr. Vanwilt," Pauline said, suddenly, "do you know to whom your grandfather left his money in that will which has never been found?"

"I do not."

"I can tell you."

"You?"

He stared at her.

"It gave everything to Laura Work."

"Impossible! How do you know?"

"Never mind, I do know," Pauline said, lifting her beautiful black eyes to his in the moonlight. "Moreover that will is in existence."

He stared at her harder than ever.

"I know where it is."

"You do?"

"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand into her pocket.

"Certainly should."

"How will you like to see Laura and Robert Lester looking at Vanwilt House?"

Lewis ground his teeth with involuntary rage. That decided the bold, false girl beside him.

Lewis Vanwilt, she said, "if that will could be put in your possession to do as you like with, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Laura Work ever could?"

She felt him start as she leaned upon his arm, and her hand tightened on what was in her pocket. His face was slightly averted, so that she could not see his expression. His answer came after a few moments, but in a voice so husky and changed she would scarcely have known it.

"I would."

Trembling with joy she drew out the folded paper and put it into his hand.

He held it up in the moonlight a moment and then thrusting it inside his breast, turned suddenly and began to go swiftly toward the house. Pauline could scarcely keep up with him. An awful misgiving seized her.

"What are you going to do?"

"You shall see," he answered sternly, and she read his determination in his eyes.

"What a fool I was," she muttered, but made no effort more.

"Laura and Robert won't thank you for interrupting them."

No answer as he strode on, and entered the drawing-room through one of the open French windows. Laura had been crying. No one else was in the room. He laid the will on her lap.

"I find," he said hurriedly and in a shaking voice, "that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Laura, that you will be a great deal happier with Mr. Lester than you would have been with me. But he will never love you any better than I do."

Laura was white and speechless with bewilderment.

"Laura detests Robert Lester," cried Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. "She has never cared for any one but you, Lewis, and you ought to know it."

"Oh, my darling!" ejaculated Lewis, wildly, extending his arms, "is it true?"

In another instant Laura was sobbing on his shoulder.

Pauline went quickly to her own room, and spent the night in packing. When, the next morning, she announced her approaching departure no one objected.

Lewis Vanwilt looked somewhat embarrassed when Laura told him of the promise she had made his grandfather the night he died.

"I don't think I am in any danger of becoming a gambler," he said, "but I am willing to pledge myself never to play again."

Which he did, and kept his word.

A Mr. Bass has eloped with his mother-in-law out West. We don't see any necessity for that B being in his name. [—Boston Transcript]

**English Prices for American Goods.**  
One of the commercial puzzles yet to be explained is the reason why you can buy excellent "Blue Point" oysters in London for a shilling a dozen; why the Atlantic and Scribner's Monthlies can be bought there for the same price; how is it that American butter, cheese and beef are now to be found in nearly every village of Scotland and England. The greater part of the sea-coast population of Wales live on American canned goods, all of which can be bought for far less there than here—a good out of American beef, for instance, costs two pence halfpenny (or five cents) a pound. Developing our commerce is a good thing, but there is any reason why we should not be able to get things produced here for at least the same price that our British cousins can? If the Atlantic and Scribner's Monthlies are to be bought in London for a shilling, why should we pay more than a quarter of a dollar for them? or, what is a moral vital question, with American beef at five and six cents a pound at retail, why is it that the lowest prices in the wholesale market here is seven to ten cents a pound, and that without the added expense of transportation and other incidentals? An explanation is in order from the producers.

**The Feminine Month.**  
A person who has made the feminine month the subject of much study volunteers his conclusions to males with sweet hearts. They are as follows: "If her mouth is very small there is not much mind, but overmuch shallow sentiment. If she has a very large mouth she will possess a good brain, but the trouble is in kissing it. Large mouths put a man to an artistic test, he will be driven to his wit's end whether to begin at one corner and conclude on the other, or to make a heroic dash at the middle and endeavor to reach both corners. But if you are a kissing artist it can be covered nicely enough. If your sweetheart has a coarsely formed mouth she will be sensual and full of strong, coarse points of character, and will raise a row in the family. If she has a delicately formed mouth, with rounded lips and a velvety softness, she will have much sensibility and perfection of character, but not astonish by her brilliancy of conception or execution. It is a good mouth because it is kissable and subversive. Shun blue-lipped or thin-lipped women; they will bore you to death with literature or woman's rights, theorize while you want your dinner, or spoil your temper by their red-hot scolding tongues."

Mr. C. was pastor of a Baptist Church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of Chaplain at the State prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon; perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was the astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words: "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

It is queer how folks dream. The other night a man dreamed he stood at the gate of heaven and asked Peter if the souls of the rich ever got in there. "Yes," was the reply. "It is supposed that the souls of a great many rich people have got in here. Many of them are so small we have not been able to invent any way to keep them out."

The testimony in the Green-Harris case, taken by C. A. Graham, the stenographer, and which closed last week, amounts to 6,000 pages of legal cap paper, and is, by all odds the greatest mass of testimony ever taken in a case in Kentucky. It is as much as that of the four largest cases on trial in our courts in ten years.

There is one thing about silver printers can jingle a bunch of keys and a rusty-bladed knife in their pockets, and nobody can tell but what it is all trade dollars.

Lovers who never quarrel and demand "them letters and photographs" back are taking real solid comfort.

**MARKETS.**  
Stanford.  
The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:  
Bacon, shoulders, 50c; Bacon, sides, 50c; Bacon, hams, 50c; Lard, 10c; Butter, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Chickens, 10c; Turkeys, 10c; Geese, 10c; Ducks, 10c; Corn, 10c; Wheat, 10c; Oats, 10c; Hay, 10c; Straw, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 10c; Dates, 10c; Raisins, 10c; Prunes, 10c; Walnuts, 10c; Almonds, 10c; Pistachios, 10c; Macadamia, 10c; Brazil, 10c; Coffee, 10c; Tea, 10c; Sugar, 10c; Molasses, 10c; Syrup, 10c; Honey, 10c; Vinegar, 10c; Mustard, 10c; Pickles, 10c; Canned fruits, 10c; Canned vegetables, 10c; Canned meats, 10c; Canned fish, 10c; Canned soups, 10c; Canned stews, 10c; Canned pies, 10c; Canned cakes, 10c; Canned bread, 10c; Canned butter, 10c; Canned oil, 10c; Canned vinegar, 10c; Canned ketchup, 10c; Canned mustard, 10c; Canned pickles, 10c; Canned fruits, 10c; Canned vegetables, 10c; Canned meats, 10c; Canned fish, 10c; Canned soups, 10c; Canned stews, 10c; Canned pies, 10c; Canned cakes, 10c; Canned bread, 10c; Canned butter, 10c; 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